

Akala - Sometimes Lyrics

When I feel like "fuck it I've had enough"
Might as well bury my head in the sand and run from the world
No music or politics, I'm done with all of it, I just can't take no more
It's easy to let the world get you down
Look around
It seems that every towns [?]
The haves, the have nots
Lives we admire
Rags to rags lot that never climb higher
We're on a ladder of life, the ladder of success
The ladder of fucking over other people the best
It's a game of chess, where the pawns get sacrificed
They got limited movement and their on the frontline
Yeah, the game's rigged from the start
This we know in our heart
Yet we pick up the dice and play a part
But would it be better to act like a spoilt little brat?
Kick over the whole game with no shame
"I ain't playin' if I can't win"
Prayin' if I can't sin
What is a wife saying to a daft king?
Not much, power's fucked
I know it runs the world, sometimes it's too much

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Might as well bury my head in the sand and run from the world
No music or politics, I'm done with all of it, I just can't take no more
When I feel like "fuck it I've had enough" x3
In the end I'm like "Shutup you coward, just suck it all up"

Can't sleep, my mind's runnin'
On a path of it's own and I ain't sure that I'm even comin'
All night I been tryna get a wink
The sun comes up now and I ain't had a blink
I think too bloody much
All the voices go around in my mind and I can't shut 'em up
They say "ignorance is bliss"
I ain't sayin' it is
On those nights when I can't shut off, I get pissed

For me, this is most nights of the week
If we look at the world then how could we sleep?
See in my deeper moments
I can only keep the [?] on what is wrong with the world and we can't even solve it
Like we ain't involved with anything promoted than to focus on our own little selves
The rest can go to hell
How do I know it so well? It's me

Specially at those times I wanna flee from reality

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The road to depression I'm guessin' is oiled by a choked expression

And of course naked oppression

The lessons we're supposed to learn, is not possible

Cause you are not a fool and the teacher's horrible

So what choice left is there for sensitive souls?

Fight the power or let it swallow us whole?

It is easily done, look what we've become

If we could, I'm sure we'd find a way to put out the sun

Sometimes when I feel like collapsin'

Or giving in to the times that I'm trapped in

I contemplate all the others overcoming their fears

Fighting battles far harder so that I could be here

Then I feel like the silly little boy that I am

Count my blessings in the moment and get back to the plan

Inspiration is the strangest thing

How it travels one spirit to another, transforms how we think

I know spirit is a dirty word, in this world obsessed with what we have and what do we earn

But its the only way to explain the voices inside of you

Only satisfied when you are inspired to

Its the reason when we feel we've had enough, always in the end we manage to get back up

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Life is hard, life is beautiful

Life is strange, and life is unusual

If life's a stage, then who wrote the musical? (Who wrote the musical?)